

SUPPLEMENT TO Potosi Journal.

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THE FISHERMEN.

Though the waves are high and the winds
are strong,
And the billows thunder against the
shore,
The fishermen row away with a song.
And the sunlight gleams on the flashing
sails.

"The little they care for the winds that blow,
Or the billows that toss their boats about:
The winds of the sea are the books they
know—
The flow of the tide and its going out;
The flow of the tide and the bending sky,
The spring of the sail as it takes the
breeze,
The drift of the clouds that are floating by,
The flight of the gulls and the coming
sea."

And over their vessels the sky bends low,
And the tide comes in and the tide goes
out;
And the wind and waves, and the ebb and
flow,
Are the sermons that make their lives
devout.
—Frank E. Sweet, in N. Y. Home Journal.

Jobson Puts in Coal

"I GOT ahead of the probable
trebling in the price of anthracite
coal, due to the big strike in
Pennsylvania, by ordering five tons
of furnace coal yesterday afternoon,"
said Mr. Jobson at breakfast one
morning last week. "I'll be dumped
in front of the house about half-past
nine this morning. I also engaged a
colored man to put it in the cellar,
and he'll be around in the neighbor-
hood of ten o'clock. I only mention
this little matter to you in order that,
if you have any idea of rushing down-
town before I am a block away so
that you'll be first in line at the bar-
gain counters, you may abandon that
idea."

The colored man engaged by Mr.
Jobson to put in the coal didn't make
his appearance at ten o'clock, nor at
11, nor at 12. Mrs. Jobson spent the
entire morning, to the neglect of her
work, peering out between the par-
lor curtains for him, but it was ob-
vious that Mr. Jobson's man got side-
tracked somewhere. When half-past
12 came around, and no sign of Mr.
Jobson's coal heaver, Mrs. Jobson hur-
riedly donned her street-apparel and
went in search of another man to
stow the coal, which had arrived in
a procession of wagons shortly before
ten o'clock, in the cellar. In this
search, however, she had no luck at
all. She met up with at least seven
strong, hardy-looking youths of color
within a radius of two squares of the
Jobson domicile, all of whom appeared
to be in the enjoyment of high-noon
siestas, but she couldn't induce any
of them to undertake the coal-stowing
job, although she offered as much as
\$1.50 to have it done. All of the
siesta-enjoying colored youths had
"es bin gaged tuh do uh job o' wuk
fo' uh man down de sguayuh dat 'ud
tek 'em all de afternoon." Mrs. Job-
son returned home very much dis-
heartened, knowing that Mr. Jobson
would hold her personally responsible
for the stowing of those five tons of
coal. She resumed her vigil at the
front window, asking every other col-
ored man that passed if he wanted
the coal-stowing job, but each and all
of them looked diffidently at the pyra-
mid of black diamonds, scratched his
head, remarked that he "didn't hev
no shovel," and fled the temptation at
a greatly accelerated pace.

At half-past two Mrs. Jobson re-
ceived a message from Mr. Jobson
notifying her that he'd be up with
the horse and buggy at three to take
her for a drive. She dressed for the
drive without any great degree of
confidence. She had a premonition
that she wasn't going to have any
drive that afternoon.

Her premonition was correct, of
course. Mr. Jobson drove up in front
of the house at five minutes to three
and he scowled heavily when he saw
the mound of coal still standing on
the asphalt. Mrs. Jobson noted the
scowl from the front window and she
"stood by," as mariners put it. Mr.
Jobson jumped out of the buggy,
elbowed the weight to the horse's left
and clumped into the house.

"Might I venture to inquire," he
asked, in a tone of awful calm, "what's
the reason that coal hasn't been put
away?"

"The man you hired to do it didn't
come," replied Mrs. Jobson.

"Oh, he didn't," snorted Mr.
Jobson. "That sounds pretty good,
Mrs. Jobson, but I just happen to
know that the word of that man I en-
gaged to put the coal in is just as
good as his bond, and if he wasn't
here promptly at ten o'clock to the
minute, then there's something al-
mighty queer about it. You are per-
fectly certain, I suppose, that you
were here yourself at ten o'clock
when the man came?"

"The man didn't come," repeated
Mrs. Jobson, "and I have been in the
house all day, except for the mortal
hour that I spent trying to beg and
bribe numerous colored men to put
the coal in."

"Huh!" sniffed Mr. Jobson, "I have
a large pastel portrait of Mrs. Jobson
wasting her valuable time over any
such trivial and frivolous matter. I'll
bet a million dollars to a hatpin that
I can get the very first colored man
that passes by the front gate to put
that coal in, and be darned glad of
the job."

Whereupon Mr. Jobson took up his
stand on the front steps and awaited
the passing of the first man and
brother. The first happened to be
arrayed in a very impressive clerical

make-up, but Mr. Jobson didn't see
that.
"Hey, Zea," called out Mr. Jobson
from his position on the steps, "dye
want the job a' putting that coal in?
Give you a dollar for the job if you
hustle."

The dark-skinned man in the cler-
ical raiment stopped and regarded Mr.
Jobson reprovingly.

"No, sir," he replied, looking Mr.
Jobson square in the eye. "I am not
in quest of employment of that char-
acter, and you will permit me to say
that you exhibit a peculiar lack of
judgment in making such a proposi-
tion to a man of my cloth."

Mr. Jobson just stood on the steps
and gurgled and choked wrathfully
as the man and brother passed on
down the street, and then he glared
into the parlor window to see if Mrs.
Jobson was laughing at him. Mrs.
Jobson wasn't visible, however, and
so Mr. Jobson whistled to a white
youth across the street and gave the
youth a quarter to take the horse
and buggy back to the livery stable.

Then Mr. Jobson went upstairs, put
on the most disreputable suit of
clothes that he could find in the store-
room and clomped down again. He
dug a bushel basket and an old
ragged shovel out of the cellar
and made his appearance in the
basement arway with these tools.

"What are you going to do?" called
out Mrs. Jobson from above.

"Do I look like I'm going to a har-
vest dance?" growled Mr. Jobson.
"I'm going to put every solitary ounce
of those five tons of coal in myself,
that's what I'm going to do. The
only way I can get anything done
around here is to do it myself. If I
don't have the spot where that coal
stands swept and brushed clean inside
of an even 55 minutes I'll deed you
this house and lot, that's all."

Mr. Jobson began to work as if he
were putting out a conflagration. He
piled the first basketful of coal a foot
over the rim thereof, with the re-
sult that he could barely move it.
But he knew that Mrs. Jobson was
watching him out of the front win-
dow, and he resolved to lift it or die,
without jettisoning any of the cargo.
It was a tremendous effort, but he
finally achieved it, not, however, with-
out spilling about a third of the coal
on the trip from the pavement to the
cellar. He only filled the next basket-
ful up to the top; nevertheless he
snorted and grunted a good deal as he
carried the load to the cellar. The
perspiration began to stream down
his reddened face and the clouds of
coal dust mingled with the perspira-



JOBSON AS A COAL HEAVER.

tion, and inside of ten minutes after
Mr. Jobson had gone at the job he
was a sight. He might have passed
for a somewhat over-fleshy stoker in
the furnace room of a steamship.

Meanwhile the heads of all the
women neighbors began to appear at
their front windows. Mr. Jobson saw
the slants of his eyes, and the sight
made him boil within. When he was
just about to stoop over to lift one
of the loads the merry, roguish-eyed
little widow down the street tripped
by, nodding sweetly to Mr. Jobson as
she passed. Mr. Jobson felt that she
was laughing at him, and this didn't
increase his happiness. Then one of
Mr. Jobson's neighbors, who was tak-
ing his annual leave at home, strolled
over and leaned luxuriously against
Mr. Jobson's iron fence.

"Training for the football games,
old man?" inquired Mr. Jobson's
neighbor, cheerfully. "Say, that kind
o' thing beats the dickens out of
dumb-bells and Indian clubs and
obesity pills and stuff like that, for
taking off superfluous fat, doesn't it?
But what d'ye want to wear a coat
for when you're doing that kind o'
work? What's the matter with that
shirt waist you wore on one only and
small occasion awhile ago?"

Mr. Jobson growled some inaudible
reply, and his neighbor went back
across the street, smiling back every
few steps.

After Mr. Jobson had stowed about
a quarter of a ton of the coal in the
cellar he found that he had a slight
nose bleed, to which he is subject.
He pressed a grimy handkerchief to
his nose and clomped up the front
steps.

"Madam," said he, in a sepulchral
tone, "I trust you perceive what your
total lack of consideration has done
for me. The violent labor which you
deliberately and cold-bloodedly thrust
upon me has brought on a severe hem-
orrhage. What the outcome of it is
is purely problematical. It may
put me under the ground, or I may
survive it. If I do survive it, how-
ever, and I ever again permit you to
reduce me to the level of a coal
heaver, I want you to just send me a
special delivery letter marked 'Rush!'
to that effect, and I'll know what legal
steps to take in the premises, that's
all!"—Washington Star.

No Oats for Chinese Horses.
Oats are not raised in China and
not fed to horses except to the mares
in the training season.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

It costs about \$222 per ton to build
a steamer.

A model of the human heart, work-
ing as in life and pumping blood
through artificial arteries, is the work
of a Connecticut physician.

Prof. Emil Yung, of Geneva, Swit-
zerland, has counted the ants (Formica
rufa) in five nests. Their number were
33,018, 67,470, 12,933, 93,694, 47,528.

The latest experiments tend to prove
that pitcher plants are not carnivorous,
as has been so long believed, and
that any apparent digestive action is
due to external microbes that may en-
ter the pitchers.

"Not only is it healthy to yawn,"
says a French physician, "but yawning
should be resorted to in cases of
sore throat, buzzing of the ears, catarrh
and like troubles." It is said to be as
efficacious in its way as gargling the
throat, with which process it should
be combined.

A German government expert, Dr.
Lubbert, after a trip through German
West Africa, has come to the conclu-
sion that not only is the mosquito-ma-
laria theory as indorsed by Koch cor-
rect, but that there is a close connec-
tion between malaria in human beings
and the diseases which carry off so
many horses in those regions.

A new steel process is being tested
at Pittsburgh for making compound
steel ingots. The experiments are be-
ing made under the direction of W. D.
Corcoran, of the Crucible Steel com-
pany of America. Solid ingots of gradu-
ated carbon, from one side of the in-
got to the other, or from the center of
the ingot, were made. It is claimed
that the new process will be important
for armor plate, as any desired thick-
ness of very high carbon can be given
the surface of the plate, rendering it,
with a low carbon back, absolutely im-
penetrable.

M. Baudry, a French engineer, pro-
poses to settle the vexed question of a
city water supply for all time, so far
as Paris is concerned, by bringing to
that city the water of Lake Geneva,
which is well known for its purity and
which is in small danger of ever being
contaminated by a future growth of
population on its borders or tributaries,
while the supply is said to be inex-
haustible. He estimates the cost of
the enterprise at \$200,000,000, which ap-
pears to include \$25,000,000 asked by
the Swiss government for the water
right. Other engineers pronounce the
plan entirely feasible.

ST. PAUL'S LIGHTNING RODS.

The Great London Cathedral is Now
Thoroughly Protected from
Storms.

A total rearrangement of the sys-
tem of lightning conductors on St.
Paul's cathedral, London, is now vir-
tually complete. It is interesting to
learn from the electrician under
whose superintendence the work has
been carried out that the old idea of
the erection of a lightning rod on the
highest point of a structure protect-
ed an area all round it is quite il-
lusory. The safeguarded area was
supposed to be the space within a
circle whose radius was equal to the
height of the lightning rod. This
theory, we understand, is now dis-
credited, says a London paper, and
the cathedral has been protected by a
system of conductors, perpendicular
and horizontal, comprising over a
mile of cables, on which at various
prominent points are placed about 50
"aigrettes"—groups of solid copper
spikes radiating upward and effectual-
ly connected at the base with cables.

The old system of joint-making by
"junction pieces," or splicing and sol-
dering, has also been abandoned, it
having been found that if surfaces
were merely screwed together they
were apt to oxidize and set up resistance,
and if they were soldered the
soldering sooner or later would be
very likely to become loosened and
detached by the natural expansion
and contraction of the metals.

A new method of running to earth
has also been adopted. The usual
plan is to connect the conductors
with plates of copper imbedded deep
down in the moist earth, and these
plates, to be effective, must be of con-
siderable size. It is often difficult to
get them down low enough. At St.
Paul's cathedral they have made earth
connection by means of iron pipes
perforated at the bottom and driven
into the ground by special tackle,
thus affording a passage down which
the conductor is passed to the neces-
sary depth and by means of which, if
necessary, the earth below may be
watered. The whole work has been
carried out by the cathedral sur-
veyor's staff under the personal su-
perintendence of the electrician.

Spelling a Kid.

"They are just ruining that boy of
mine at the kindergarten," said the
worried father.

"What is the matter?" asked the
friend, glad to hear one jarring note
in the usual song of praise about "the
boy."

"He calls his chums 'William' and
'Henry,' instead of 'Bill' and 'Hank.'
Wouldn't that jar you?"—Indianapolis
Press.

Natural Progression.

Mr. Shallow—What queer notions
children get sometimes, to be sure.
There's my son Freddie, for instance;
he has an almost unconquerable desire
to become a cowboy.

Mrs. Callow—Nothing so very strange
about that; I have often heard you
say he was a great calf.—Boston Con-
vict.

Credulous.

Mr. Bloomfield—I don't know a
more credulous man than Snuggs.

Mr. Bellefield—Neither do I; he'll
carry an umbrella if the weather man
predicts rain.—Pittsburgh Chronicle-
Telegraph.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

"You were in such good spirits last
night, Richard; what makes you so
depressed this morning?" "The spir-
its."—Judy.

"You look pinched and drawn!" said
we. "I've been pinched and photo-
graphed merely!" said the man be-
hind the bars, genially.—Detroit Jour-
nal.

The Modiste—"Do you wish a full
back, miss?" Fair Customer (blushing).
"I have one already—that is, I am
engaged to a fullback on the college
team."—Chicago Daily News.

Ostend—"Paw, do your corns hurt
when the weather is going to change?"
Paw—"Yes, ay, ay." Ostend—"Well,
paw, do you have to have corns to be
a weather man?"—N. O. Times-Democrat.

His Own Interpretation.—"Why,
Johnny, I'm ashamed of you! How
could you take little Ethel's half of
the apple away from her?" "Cause,
ma, I ain't forgot what you told me—
to always take sister's part."—Phila-
delphia Evening Bulletin.

Customer (in restaurant).—"That's a
small amount for me to-day, waiter.
You know, as an old customer, I usu-
ally get two slices of mutton." Waiter.
"I beg your pardon, sir; you're quite
right. That stupid cook has quite for-
gotten to cut the slice in two!"—Pick-
Me-Up.

"Couldn't I be squeezed in there some-
how?" asked the pretty girl, as she
vainly sought entrance to the crowd-
ed car. "If you can get in, I have one
arm free," exclaimed a young man in
the center of the car. "And the con-
ductor rang six 'go-ahead' signals
on the fare register."—Baltimore Amer-
ican.

The Tongue of Envy.—Clarissa—"He
is such a flatterer! I was holding a rose
in my hand. 'Is it an American
beauty, George?' I asked. He never
looked at the rose at all. Instead, he
glazed fondly into my eyes. 'It certainly
is,' he whispered." Madeline—"In-
deed. Perhaps he's cross-eyed."—In-
dianapolis Sun.

UNDERTAKER OF GENIUS.

A Novel Incident Got Chicago Stu-
dents Out of an Unpleasant
Situation.

"He is a smart man, is that under-
taker. Say, he's got a brain in his
skull, sure."

This is the way in which students
at the College of Physicians and Sur-
geons on the West side express their
admiration for a certain undertaker
who got them out of an unpleasant
predicament, reports the Inter Ocean.

Patrick McAndrews, who lived
somewhere near State and Forty-Second
streets, was admitted to the coun-
ty hospital about three weeks ago,
suffering from a complication of dis-
eases. He died soon after reaching
the white cot in the "hopeless" ward,
and his body was duly laid away to
await the coming of his relatives.
Fifteen days passed, and nobody came
to call for the corpse of Patrick Mc-
Andrews. Then, as is the custom, the
body was given to the College of
Physicians and Surgeons, and ar-
rangements were planned for a dis-
section.

The lecture for which the dead Mc-
Andrews was to furnish material
called for the head, chest and arms of
an adult male. Attendants in charge
of the "subjects" severed McAndrews'
body at the waist, and took the up-
per half to the dissecting-room. Here
the ghastly section of the dead hu-
manity was laid upon the table, cov-
ered with a sheet, and left to await
the coming of the class and lecturer.
The lower half of the body was im-
mediately burned, and in two hours
time all that remained of McAndrews
was the half upon the table, waiting
for the scalpel.

Just as the lecture was beginning
word was brought that McAndrews'
relatives had appeared and claimed
the body. An undertaker from State
and Forty-first street was already at
the door, and preparations were be-
ing made for the funeral at McAn-
drews' home. No objection was made
by the college authorities to the
prompt surrender of the body, but a
thorough search failed to locate the
lower half of the remains. The at-
tendant who had burned the missing
portion told what he had done, and
there was consternation around the
college.

At this point the ingenious under-
taker came to the rescue. "Give me
the upper half of the body," said he.
"Then get me about 80 pounds of
bricks." The bricks were brought
and the lower part of the coffin was
filled with them. McAndrews' upper
section was put in place, and the un-
dertaker drove away.

A day later McAndrews' funeral
took place with all propriety, and
none but the undertaker and those
who helped him at the college knew
just what the coffin contained. Out
on the West side, however, where stu-
dents congregate, the "half man" is
talked about, and much admiration is
expressed for the genius of the under-
taker.

Wonders of Forbidden Palace.

After the march of the troops
through the Forbidden palace at Pe-
king a party of civilians, including the
ladies of the legations and several well-
known missionaries, was admitted. Tea
was served and then the imperial pal-
aces were inspected. The most remark-
able features of the imperial buildings
are said to be the exterior gilding and
the staircases carved out of single
stones with figures of dragons, lions
and other ornaments. The bed of the
empress is trimmed with solid gold.
After the inspection the gates were
closed again and no one was permitted
to enter the grounds.—Chicago Chron-
icle.

OUR FOREIGN LETTER.

Dealing with Commercial and In- dustrial Conditions Abroad.

One of Japan's Ways of Securing New
Business—Stagnant Markets in
Germany and Other Inter-
esting Items.

There has recently been established
in Bangkok a museum of Japanese man-
ufactures and products. This institu-
tion is under the
direction of the Japanese government,
which pays all the running expenses,
except the salary of the director.

The establishment occupies large and
commodious rooms in one of the busiest
portions of the commercial city. In
these rooms it is proposed to display a
sample of every commercial product of
Japan. There are a number already
on exhibition, and our neighbors of the
far east are making a decidedly favor-
able showing of their manufactured
products. A corps of polite clerks is in
constant attendance to assist any who
may wish to look over the exhibit, and
anyone can order goods from the sam-
ple, a per cent. being added to the price
mark. This per cent has been fixed in
Japan, and is invariable. In case the
purchaser wishes to pay freight him-
self, the per cent. is simply the commis-
sion that goes to the director in place
of a salary. If desired, however, the
establishment will deliver the goods to
the door of the purchaser, adding to
the producer's price such a percentage
as will cover commission and expenses.
All items of expense, whether of post-
age, cable, freight or commission, are
entered upon the bill of the purchaser.
By employing as director a man who
has other business interests in Bang-
kok, the government has been able to
secure a valuable agent of successful
business experience and wide acquaint-
ance with the people.

The museum has been opened now for
some nine weeks, and is proving an in-
creasing success. The oriental mer-
chant has little use for catalogues, price
lists and pictures. He objects to the
salesman for the reason that his sam-
ples go with him, and he leaves nothing
to enable the purchaser to compare the
goods delivered with those ordered.
Here, the samples can be inspected and
the goods compared with the samples;
the merchant can deal with a firm that
is established in his city, and the goods
are not paid for until he is satisfied
that they are what he ordered. The
straightforward manner of fixing the
purchasing price appeals to both ori-
ental and occidental.

Orders are accepted for large or small
quantities, and the small purchaser
gets the advantage of freight rates on
the large orders if he is willing to wait.
As a result, the patrons of the museum
are by no means confined to the mer-
cantile class, and the European popula-
tion of the city are availing themselves
in no small degree of this opportunity of
doing business with a splendidly
stocked Japanese bazaar.

The trade between Japan and Siam
had not assumed proportions sufficient
to warrant notice in the annual com-
merce reports of Bangkok until last
year, when, as the first fruit of Japan's
intelligent endeavor, this trade is re-
ported as \$74,960.

Oyster in Europe.

The French naval department has
an exhibit in the Paris exposition giv-
ing a graphic view
of the development
of oyster cultiva-
tion in France. During 1879-1887 the
yearly average production of French
oysters amounted to \$2,123,000, gradu-
ally increasing to \$4,825,000 for the
year 1898, when 15,500,000 French and
3,000,000 Portuguese oysters were sold
along the French coasts. The bivalves
are a great luxury in Europe, and so
dear that only the wealthier classes
can afford to eat them. In the city of
Frankfurt small German or Dutch
oysters in the shell cost from 60 to 72
cents per dozen. Some resident Amer-
icans occasionally have a barrel of
American oysters sent by their friends
at home.

The department of agriculture and commerce of Japan predicts a splen- did rice crop this year. Reports re- ceived from all the rice-producing centers are the basis of the following estimate:

Year.	Yield, Bu.
1899	163,812,240
1900	202,625,736
1901	198,203,256
1902	205,307,225
1903	184,618,258
1904	207,527,207
1905	198,122,246
1906	175,657,243
1907	193,970,707
1908	225,180,246
1909	197,018,426
1900	221,064,000

The average crop being 193,275,715
bushels, this year's yield, if present
expectations be fulfilled, will be 27-
676,800 bushels, or 14.3 per cent. above
the average. It will also be 24,006,400
bushels greater than last year's crop.
In fact, during the 12-year period end-
ed 1900, it seems probable that only
1899 will be able to boast a better
crop than that of this year. The dif-
ference between this year's and last
year's crops, in money, will be about
\$28,000,000.

The Berlin correspondent of the London Daily Mail sends his paper the following re- production of in Germany.

The crisis in the
German textile trade is spreading.
One manufacturer after another has
stopped production for an indefinite
time, or has dismissed half his hands
and cut down the working hours of
the remainder.

Overproduction, due to the rapid
progress of European trade and to

the growth of trade in other
countries, such as India, which in former
years merely supplied the raw ma-
terial, is the disease afflicting the tex-
tile trade. And with overproduction
has come a decline in export business
with the United States, owing to the
protectionist policy of that country.

In Saxony some of the carpet mak-
ers are only working four hours a
week. In central Germany diamonds
on a large scale are reported. Still
worse is the state of affairs in Silesia,
where dismissals and short hours are
combined.

Nor is western Germany in any bet-
ter state. The silk weavers of Crefeld
have dismissed one-third of their
hands, and the rest are working short
time. In Aix la Chapelle 2,000 hands
are out of employment. The only
bright spot is the velvet industry,
which still keeps up its production.

From Alsatia in the west to Silesia
in the east the cry is the same—over-
production.

The war has naturally had a bad
effect on trade, more particularly on
the iron trade. India, for instance,
has been constructing numbers of rice
mills and had bought the machines in
Thuringia. Since the troubles in
China arose, this progress has ceased.

In addition to this it may be added
that the high price of cotton is caus-
ing much distress. Only the other
day the spinners of Austria-Hungary,
meeting in Vienna, decided to reduce
the output by one-sixth. This means
that the mills will close down one
day per week until next spring. The
cause of the whole trouble is the high
price of cotton and the impossibility
of getting equivalent yarn prices.
Many other mills throughout Europe
are closing on account of shortage in
this article.

Ever since the beginning of the rail-
road era, Austria has been presen-
ting a special case among the
Austrian Export countries of Eu-
rope as an export-
er of timber. For many years the
large export of the products of her
rich forests was pointed to by her
people with pride and rejoicing. But
there has been a marked change of
opinion, and voices may now be heard
everywhere denouncing these ship-
ments.

Austrian economists claim that the
forests of this empire feed the Ger-
man industries to the great detri-
ment of home manufacturers. They
direct attention to the fact that when
with Germany's remarkable economic
development, the demand for timber,
lumber, railroad ties, staves, par-
quetry, veneers, etc., increased and
the governments of the various states
by timely and prudent legislation pre-
vented the devastation of their own
forests, German builders and manu-
facturers came to Austria for their
material and have ever since been sup-
plied here with a large portion of the
sineews of the industrial war which,
by their successful competition in for-
eign markets, they have been indirect-
ly waging against the manufacturing
interests of this empire.

Applied to the last decade, this ar-
gument is certainly lame; for it can-
not be denied that Austria then
shared with Germany the profits re-
sulting from the improvement of the